



OLD SERIES, XL.
NEW SERIES XXI.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1888.

NO.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.
FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

THEY DID IT.

What? Cured among others the following. They write:

800 Central Ave., Cincinnati, O.,
January 4th, 1888.
Athlophoros Pills have cured me of liver complaint and dyspepsia. I gave ten of the Pills to a friend who is troubled with indigestion and he has improved wonderfully.
F. H. BOWEN.

16 Rosette St., New Haven, Ct.,
February 10th, 1888.
Athlophoros Pills worked wonders in my case of dyspepsia.
E. M. CLARK.

Athlo-pho-ros Pills are small and pleasant to take, yet wonderfully effective. Invaluable for kidney and liver complaints, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, headache, etc. They'll take away that tired feeling giving new life and strength.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N. Y.

WHY DO YOU PAY RENT?

When the money given the landlord will purchase a better house than the one in which you live. Should you die before the payments are complete, your heirs receive a deed at once. Why not secure a home or business property on this plan enjoy all your earnings, and be confident that your family will not be turned into the street should you die. For further particulars apply or address

THE HOME COMPANY OF N. Y.,
33 and 35 Liberty St., New York,
or A. C. MOORE, General Agent, office
over post office, Bellefonte. m34t

WM GOEHN,
AUCTIONEER,
Boalsburg, Pa.
Is prepared to cry sales. He has been successful in the past and offers his services to the public.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING
CARS WITHOUT CHANGE,
St. Louis to Los Angeles and San Francisco,
VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
Leave St. Louis at 8:30 p. m., Daily.
THE ONLY LINE THAT DOES IT.
NO HIGH ALTITUDES, NO SNOW BLOCKADES

JAS. N. LEITZEL
—AUCTIONEER—
Spring Mills, Pa.
Has had many years experience. Terms reasonable; satisfaction guaranteed.

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,
Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines
Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept
and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open
every day in the week.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS—THE ANNUAL
meeting of the stockholders of the
Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Company will be
held at the office of the company, No. 253 South
Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Monday, May
7, 1888, at 11 1/4 o'clock, a. m. Election for president
and directors same day and place.
JAMES R. MCCLURE,
Secretary.

CAUTION—THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY
having been purchased of Jacob Cath-
erman, by the undersigned, at constable's sale,
and will be left in his possession at my pleasure,
namely, 1 team of horses and harness, 1 cow. All
persons are hereby cautioned against meddling
with the same in any manner.
DALE & CO.,
aprs Centre Hall

ST. ELMO HOTEL.
No. 817 & 819 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
Reduced rates to \$2.00 per day. The
travelling public will still find at this Hotel
the same liberal provision for their
comfort. It is located in the immediate
centres of business and places of amuse-
ment and different railroad depots, as well
as all parts of the city, are easily accessible
by Street Cars constantly passing the
doors. It offers special inducement
to those visiting the city for business or
pleasure.
Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGGER, Proprietor.

NEW MILLINER SHOP.
The undersigned has opened a millin-
er shop in Jacob Lee's house near the de-
pot at Centre Hall.
The patronage of the public is solici-
ted. All are invited.
p. 19th SADIE E. GROVE.

GRAIN.
REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.
Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, red	85	Oats	50
Wheat, white	90	Rye	50
Corn, shelled	45	Barley, No. 1	50
Barley No. 2, mixed with oats, bought at oats weight and price.			
Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and price.			

FLOUR AND FEED.
Fancy Pat. Flour, 1 45 Bran per ton, 18 00
Best Roller Flour, 1 25 Bran, retail, cwt. 1 00
2d Best Roller Flour, 1 25 Chop per ton, 22 00
Middlings per ton, 20 00 - retail per cwt 1 25

COAL MARKET.
Broken \$5.00
Eggs 5.50
Stove 5.75
Small Stove 5.75
Chestnut 5.50
Poa 3.50
Woodland 4.00
Soft 2.75

As a discount on all above prices will be made for SPOT Cash.

KURTZ & SON

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NYE GOES A-SHOPPING.

He Traffics in Red Suspenders With Blue Ends—Some Reflections on Our Metropolitan Retail System—How a Saleslady Was Offended—Shopping in the Wild West—New York in Danger of Losing Its Trade—The Great Curse of Rum as Bill Understands It.



NEW YORK is a great metropolis, and trade has been built up to such a degree there that now you have to beg and plead and humiliate yourself in the presence of a saleslady who is a self-made speller and works out difficult problems in mathematics by means of a No. 2 hexagon pencil, frequently moistened by touching its point on the soft palate; otherwise you can not be permitted to purchase. The alarming frequency of noisy mobs of trade, the tremendous multiplicity of busy haunts of men, to say nothing of the vortex of traffic and the hum and buzz of industry—the vortex itself frequently occupying a whole block, and the hum, or buzz, very often extending even further than that—all unite to throw the buyer and seller together with a loud report in New York.

The result is that the small buyer who goes where he can get the best prices goes home with his front teeth in his vest pocket, and it takes him two weeks to get back the car which he left hanging on the elevator just before the holidays. Of course, he gets other ears, but when a man has become attached to both of his ears he hates to separate them or see them rudely torn apart. He can not be content with the ears of others. Men take pride in ears with freckles and side-whiskers on them sometimes, and refuse to accept the waxen, beautiful but beardless ears of people who have had greater social advantages.

But I started out in my poor, weak way to speak of the matter of shopping. I have shopped in New York and also in the West. In New York I did not enjoy it. In fact, I rarely shop in New York, preferring to go to an interior town, where goods are marked low and the cracker barrel is not so near the reach of all. I went into a large and teeming mart of trade and frill emporium on Twenty-third street one hot day last summer to buy a pair of suspenders. I did not wish to buy them because I was vain.

It was not with the idea of emphasizing the great gulf between myself and those who had been denied suspenders. It was as a plain American citizen, who desired to submit to the harsh demands of a false but inexorable hot-house air of metropolitan society law, that I went in at the side door of that place. I did not vaunt. I was not puffed up. I did not behave myself in an unseemly manner. I did not intend to give the goods public recognition through the press. I did not intend to wear them on the outside. My idea was simply to go in quietly, select a young woman who was worthy of my confidence, call her away from the vulgar herd and tell her that I had yielded to the false and cruel customs of a sin-cursed metropolis—that I had decided to adopt the effeminate and artificial manners of civilization, and would like to see a pair of red suspenders with blue ends.

In former years I had bought goods of General Worth, at Laramie City, who kept a general store, a hotel and a clear-eyed bull-dog all in one room. The General played chess and colored his whiskers. He did almost every thing except keep store, run a hotel or extract people from his bull-dog. In this way customers got into the habit of waiting on themselves and making a memorandum of it in the bright, crisp atmosphere. General Worth had been a masculine saleslady in New York when he was young, and so when anybody came in and spoke about buying any thing he began to regard him with suspicion and treat him shamefully, and try to "sick" the dog on him; but after awhile he would run out of profanity and resume his chess and board people to wait on themselves and not come in there right in the middle of the day, when they knew very well that he was playing chess and couldn't get away. So we all got into the habit of waiting on ourselves, and I acquired notions of credit which in New York do not obtain.

I went into the great surging Twenty-third street convention of good clothes, a lone man, borne on the breast of a big tide of humanity of an entirely and diametrically different sex from my own. I tried to get out, but a large and prosperous lady in black satin and weighing much more than she looked to, stood on one of my feet as if to call my attention to something. I remained there till another woman came to relieve her by standing on my other foot. The crowd did not thin out for a long time, neither did that fat party who stood on my foot, but finally I got a chance to move up to the counter, where a tired young woman was looking dreamily over the heads of the seething mass, while a row of customers jabbed at her with their parasols.

When the delegations from the valley of the Harlem and beyond Brooklyn and over against Hoboken and farther Gilgal, and the forests of Philadelphia and Fort Lee, and them that dwell in the outermost parts of Steen Hundred and Steen-thousand street, and in the habitations of Murray Hill, and the dwellers in flats of the money-changers, and them that live over against Tompkinsville, and West Orange, and Pepsin, O., and Kabush and Canada had thinned out a little, I beckoned to the saleslady to put her ear over towards me, as I desired to express a thought. She leaned towards me in a reserved way which tickled my nose with the rim of her high, intellectual ear. I said to her that I had been waiting a good while, as there was so many others ahead of me, but that if the occasion now seemed ripe I wished she would show me her suspenders.



SHE WAS SHOCKED.

Those were my exact words, and yet the papers the next day not only gave a garbled and erroneous account of it, but misspelled my name twice.

Thus it came to pass that the only time I ever tried to buy any thing in New York, when I had the money to do it with, I met with a rebuke that I can not yet fully understand. In trying to explain it to the authorities afterwards I spoke of my earnest desire to devote my future life to the use of suspenders and other refinements, but they said that surely I knew better

than to try to get suspenders at the corset counter on the first floor, when everybody knew that the suspender department was up seven floors, back of the restaurant and on the left of the wooden-ware department in charge of an elderly man with thick-set red Donegals and a heavily-embossed nose. Rather than admit that I didn't know New York intimately, from Castle Garden to three o'clock a. m., I settled the matter and got a pair of good suspenders from a man who does a quiet business on the side walk at the corner of Fulton street and Broadway, I believe, unless he has moved his store up to Park Row.

He did not show that air of reluctance and extreme anguish over being separated from his suspenders which we notice in the large dealer. I paid him forty cents for the pair I got of him, and was told afterwards that I could have purchased the same goods on Twenty-third street for thirty-nine cents. The reason thirty-nine cents, or twenty-nine cents, or nineteen cents, or nine cents is the price, as I understand it, is that it gives an opportunity to the saleslady to ship your goods to Fort Hamilton, where they are done up and returned, while your forty cents go to Wall street and pass through a clearing house, a house of detention, quarantine and a receiving vault. You then get a cent back, miss your boat home and have to stop at the hotel all night at a cost of \$4.85.

Certainly Western merchants seem to suffer less remorse when they part with their goods than the merchants of New York, if we may judge the New York merchant by the person who represents him, who stands behind the counter in order to obstruct trade and throw obstacles in the way of traffic. Freer trade is what we need, and as a property-owner in New York, a taxpayer and the polished head of a family, I think, for one, that we ought to get together and talk this matter over. Otherwise people are going to Omaha and Kansas City to buy their goods.—Bill Nye, in N. Y. World.

A Man with Six Thousand Wives.

Muley Hassan, the present Sultan of Morocco, lives a retired life at his capitals of Fez and Morocco, and rarely ever appears in public to his subjects, while it is still less seldom that any European can obtain a view of his august person. He ascended the throne on the death of his father, Sidi Mohammed, which occurred on the 30th of September, 1876, at the age of little more than thirty, when, already distinguished for his personal valor and good generalship, he defeated his rivals, and stringently put down all attempts at revolt. He is now forty-five years of age, though his commanding figure would almost make one think him a great deal less, did not his face wear lines that show not only the steady approach of years, but also sure signs of pain and suffering. He possesses six thousand wives, whom he keeps in harems in Fez, Morocco and Methues. He also has a traveling harem, which constantly attends him. His life is simple, as is all life in Morocco; but at the same time, when occasion demands, he can appear in such state as scarcely a court in Europe can rival.



MULEY HASSAN.

Translated Into English.
Patient (to family physician)—In your absence, doctor, I was compelled to call in young Dr. Sawbones. He said that the clinical symptoms indicated chronic interstitial inflammation. What's that in plain English?

Family Physician—In plain English it means that Sawbones didn't know what was the matter with you.—V. Y. Sun.

Tonsorial Item.
Barber—How do you wish your lace shaved?

Patient—To match my note at the bank.

Barber—How is that?

Patient—Shave off the principal and leave the interest.—Arcola Record.

Canesucker's Indiscretion.

Dudley—How old is your parrot, Miss Sharpgirl?

Miss Sharpgirl—That's not a polite question. That is positively indelicate, Mr. Canesucker.

"What's there indiscreet about my asking your parrot's age?"

"Mr. Canesucker, my parrot is a female."

"Ah, beg pardon!"—Mocking-Bird.

He Took Five Copies.

"Paper, sir!" he called, as a dignified, stiff-backed old gent passed the corner.

No notice.

"All about the fire, sir!"

No notice.

"All about the war in Europe!" continued the lad, as he followed along.

No notice.

"All about the scan-dal!" shouted the boy, at the top of his voice.

"What! scandal!" exclaimed stiff-back, as he halted. "You may give me five copies, my son!"—Detroit Free Press.

This male population of the United Kingdom exceeding fifteen years of age, was in round numbers, 10,250,000 on the date of the latest enumeration.

Bishop Howe Will Move, but Not Resign.

READING, April 19.—The Right Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Bishop of the Central Diocese of Pennsylvania of the Protestant Episcopal Church, will leave Reading in the latter part of June with his family to reside at Bristol, R. I., his native place, where he has been spending the summer seasons for a great many years. The Bishop, who is now in his eightieth year, will not resign the episcopacy of the Central Diocese of Pennsylvania, but will still supervise the work, leaving most of the labor and the traveling to his assistant, the Right Rev. Dr. Baileys, of Bethlehem.

LYON & CO'S ---GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT--- FOR SPRING AND SUMMER!

THE GREATEST STOCK OF DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING, SHOES, CARPET, ETC., IN
THE COUNTY.

Look At These Prices:

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Cashmeres, from	5c to \$1
Henrietta Cloth, 42 and 46 in. wide.	
	50c to \$1
Embroideries, from	2c to 1.50
from the narrow to 1 1-2 yd. wide.	
Black Silks, from	45c to \$2
Colored Silks, from	35c to 1.50
Towelings, from	4 to 15c
Muslins, from	4 1-2c and up
Prints,	3c
Plaids,	5c
Ginghams,	4c
5-button Kid Gloves,	50c to 1.50
Childrens' Hose,	3c to 50c
Ladies' Hose,	5c to \$1
Jerseys,	45c to \$4
Cashmere Shawls,	85c to \$5
Ladies' Linen Cuffs,	10 to 25c
" " Collars,	8 to 25c
Corsets,	25c to \$2
Thompson's Glove-Fitting Corset,	90c
	2.00
Dr. Ball's, and Dr. Shilling's Corsets,	
Ladies' Dress Button Shoes,	1-25
" " Kid " "	1.55
Childrens' Shoes,	25c to 1.50
Misses " "	75c to \$2
Boys' " "	75c to \$2
Mens' Working Shoes,	90c to 1.50
Boys' Suits, 3 to 14 yr.	\$1 to 5
Boys' Suits, 13 to 20 yrs.	\$2 to 10
Mens' Suits,	\$3.75 to 10
Mens' Dress Suits,	\$5 to 20
Ingrain Carpets,	20 to 75c
Brussels " "	48 to 70c
Body Brussels,	95c to 1.25
Boys' Shirt Waists,	16 to 80c
Boys' Knee Pants,	25 to 1.50

The Best Assortment!
The Greatest Stock!
The Lowest Prices!

SEND FOR SAMPLES. SAMPLE ORDERS CARE-
FULLY ATTENDED TO.

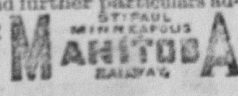
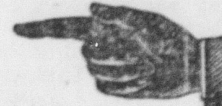
LYON & CO.,

Bellefonte, Pa

Bellefonte, - - Pa.

Ladies are invited to stop in and examine the new styles.

COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.



WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery
Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY
AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age
Chase Brothers Company, (Refer to this paper.)
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Brilliant Bitterness.

"There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood."—Rev. 8:10, 11.

PATRICK and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood of my text was a type of Attila, King of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of the Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my subject this hour calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood.

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man.

ATTILA, THE KING OF THE HUNS. One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsmen followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back, further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsmen pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that the sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the God Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the Merciful, or the Good, but Attila called himself, and demanded that others call him,

THE SCOURGE OF GOD. At the head of seven hundred thousand troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything, from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. A city captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes: The first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, who were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod.

HIS ARMIES reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood. On and on until those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, and a cloud of dust seen in the distance, a bishop cried: "It is the aid of God; and all the people took up the cry: 'It is the aid of God.'" As the cloud of dust was blown aside, the banners of reinforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, the Scourge of God. The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource, and after three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, and when his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city; his army, inspired with the same occurrence, resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him, not with tears but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and darts. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver, and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into

THE GRAVE were poured the most valuable coin and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave-diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge but instead of being the Scourge of God, he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliancy and bitterness, the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many EMBITTERED LIVES there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, *Artemisia Absinthium*, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yea, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of the home, or Attilas of the church, or Attilas of the State, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds of the waters, are poisoned by the falling to the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get great power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question: IS YOUR LIFE A BENEDICTION to others, or an embitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam or a wormwood?

Some of you, I know, are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of gospelization which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin-cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope!

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people; and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your old father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional short-comings, for they themselves several times lost their patience with you when you were young, and slapped you when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

But are any of you the star Wormwood?

DO YOU SCOLD AND GROWL from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet, and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cackling, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the mill-dam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet. Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices, or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are put on the limits, and whacked and cuffed and ear-pulled, and senselessly called to order, and answered sharp and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Modocs and Nana Sahibs!

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town, or the city of your residence? I will suppose that you are

A STAR OF WIT. What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry. I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough, and have enough to cry about. God bless all skillful punsters, all reparteeists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir into the acid beverage of life the saccharine. They make the cup of earthly existence, which is sometimes stale, effervescent and bubbly. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits cannot reach.

They have for example Elijah, who made fun of the Baalites when they called down fire and it did not come, suggesting that their heathen god had gone hunting, or was off on a journey, or was asleep, and nothing but vociferation could wake him, saying: "Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking or pursuing, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." They have an example in Christ, who with beautiful sarcasm showed up the lying, hypocritical Pharisees by suggesting that such perfect people like themselves needed no improvements, saying: "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmired with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are your powers of mimicry used to put religion in contempt? Is it a bunch of nettlesome invective? Is it a bolt of unkind scorn? Is it fun at other's misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and defeat? Is its bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of Artemisia Absinthium into a draught already distastefully pungent? Then you are the star of the Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a rattlesnake trying how well it can sting. It is the fun of a hawk trying how quick it can strike out the eye of a dove. But I will change this, and suppose you are

A STAR OF WORLDLY OPPORTUNITY. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievement in the orchards. You can advance arboriculture and arrest this deathful locust-plague of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can stock a thousand bare feet from the winter frost. You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you tell me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living, or is doing now, that he is dead? There is not a city, town, or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of consecrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose when a man's wages are due you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose that because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better pace to go

and get it. Suppose by your manner you act as though he were nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and

OVERHEARING AND ARROGANT. Your first name ought to be Attila and your last name Attila, because you are the star Wormwood, and you have embittered one-third, if not three-fourths, of the waters that roll past your employees and operatives and dependents and associates; and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral, in order to make the occasion respectable, will be filled with twice as many dry, tearless eyes as there are persons occupying them.

There is an erroneous idea abroad that there are only a few geniuses. There are millions of them; that is, men and women who have especial adaptation and quickness for some one thing. It may be great, it may be small. The circle may be like the circumference of the earth or no larger than a thumb. There are thousands of geniuses here this morning, and in some one thing you are a star.

WHAT KIND OF A STAR ARE YOU? You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute? Are we embittering the domestic or social or political fountain, or are we like Moses, who, when the Israelites in the Wilderness complained that the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, their leader cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the water, and it became sweet and slaked the thirst of the suffering host? Are we with a branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the brackish fountains that we can touch?

Dear Lord, send us all out on Thy mission. All around us embittered by hypercriticism, embittered by injustice, embittered by sin. Why not go forth and sweeten them by smile, by inspiring words, by benefactions, by hearty counsel, by prayer, by gospelized behavior? Let us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and our eternity bitterer. The gospel of Jesus Christ is

THE ONLY SWEETENING POWER that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposition. It sweetens the manners. It sweetens life. It sweetens mysterious Providences. It sweetens afflictions. It sweetens death. It sweetens everything. I have heard people asked in social company: "If you could have three wishes gratified, what would your three wishes be?" If I could have three wishes met this morning I tell you what they would be. First: More of the grace of God. Second: More of the grace of God. Third: More of the grace of God. John, missionary in Amoy, China, there is a tree called

THE EMPEROR-TREE, the two characteristics of which are that it always grows higher than its surroundings, and its leaves take the form of a crown. If this emperor-tree be planted by a rosebush it grows a little higher than that tree and spreads above it a crown. Would God that this religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor-tree, might overshadow all your lives: are you lowly in ambition or circumstance, putting over you your crown; are you high in talent and position, putting over you its crown. Oh, for more of the saccharine in our lives and less of the wormwood!

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall wormwood.

STAR NATIONS. Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert fragrant with spices coming in caravans to her fairs: all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich with horses and camels from Togamah, her bazaars filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emeralds and coral and agate from Syria, with wines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers, where the roar of her chariots, where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood, let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations, let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered, answer the question, "Was there a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Hundred-gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over twenty-seven miles; her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Carnac and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride. Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days when the hippodrome swarmed with her sports, and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines, and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled upon the columns of her glory? What ruthless defaced her sculptured wall and broke obelisks and left her indescribable temples

GREAT SKELETONS OF GRANITE? What spirit of destruction spread the lair of wild beasts in her royal sepulchres, and taught the miserable cottager of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks and dodging among the sarcophagi and leaning against the columns and stooping under the arches and weeping in the waters, which go mournfully by as though they were carrying the tears of all ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation, and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon—with her two hundred and fifty towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her palaces, her

hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride Amyitis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round—Babylon—these hanging gardens built, terrace above terrace, till at the height of four hundred feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory, looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the top of a king's palace, with his queen, among statues moving, and looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold, or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying: "Is not this which I have built?" What battering-ram smote the walls? What ploughshare upturned the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illumined the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove, and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer, and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and iron potting, the remains of Babylon, and as in the silence of the night I hear the surging of that billow of desolation which rolls over the scene, I hear the wild waves saying: "Babylon was proud. Babylon was impure. Babylon was a star, but by sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

THE STAR OF THE WEST. From the persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenots in other lands, God set upon these shores a nation. The council-fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the war-whoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters, the fruitful summers, the healthful skies charmed from other lands a race of hardy men, who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the wildman's axe forests fell, and rose again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. Cities on the bank of lakes began to rival cities by the sea. The land quakes with the rush of the rail-car, and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheel. Fabulous bushels of Western wheat meet on the way fabulous tons of Eastern coal. Furs from the North pass on the rivers from the South. And trading in the same market is Maine lumberman, and South Carolina rice merchant, and Ohio farmer, and Alaska fur-dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love and mercy and salvation upon sixty millions of people. I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of the nations that have perished, and our cup of blessing turn to wormwood, and, like them, we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until the world shall put on millennial era, and that when Christ comes again He will sit His throne somewhere between the Alleghenies and the Sierra Nevadas. But he not deceived!

OUR ONLY SAFETY is in righteousness towards God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break His Sabbath, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought, nor millenium, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue, and bedimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities, as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of

OUR NATION'S RUIN; the pillars of our National and State capitol will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears, the story that the free nation of the West arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities, it forgot God, it hated justice, it hated its crime, it hated its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And it was going down, all the despots of earth, from the top of bloody thrones, began to shout, "Aha, so would we have it!" while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars, with tears and groans, and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exclamation, "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

THE RIVAL CLEOPATRAS. Mrs. James Brown Potter had laid her plans to open next season with a gorgeous production of "Cleopatra," but events may cause a change in, or at least delay, the carrying out of her programme. For some time Mrs. Potter has been preparing herself for the part of Cleopatra, and had mapped out the details of a production on a scale of magnificence seldom attempted. Her entry as the Egyptian Queen would be in a sumptuous galley manned by Nubians and wafted by a silken sail of royal purple. The work of the production was placed in the hands of Mr. David Belasco of the Lyceum Theatre, but he has just been compelled to relinquish the task. It is stated that Mrs. Langtry is also preparing to bring out "Cleopatra" next season, and in the event of Mrs. Potter being able to find an adapter to take up the work where Mr. Belasco has left it, the theatre-going public will be treated to the dazzling spectacle of two rival beauties in the same role. Mrs. Potter will keep her time in California as arranged, under Mr. Miner's management.

MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE—What is this blotch on the wall paper, Bridget? Bridget—That's an oil painting me'm. The stopper kim out of the can.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1911.

The Lord's Supper.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 26:17-30. Memory verses, 26-28.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the King in Zion.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *But we behold him who hath been made a little lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor.*—Heb. 2:9.

LESSON TOPIC: *Communion with his Disciples.*

LESSON: 1. The Lord's Passover, vs. 17-20. Outline: 2. The Lord's Supper, vs. 21-25. 3. The Lord's Supper, vs. 26-30.

GOLDEN TEXT: *For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.*—1 Cor. 5:7.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 26:17-30. The Lord's Supper.

T.—Mark 14:12-25. Mark's narrative.

W.—Luke 22:7-20. Luke's narrative.

T.—1 Cor. 11:23-26. Paul's narrative.

F.—John 13:1-20. Before the supper.

S.—John 14:1-31. After the supper.

S.—John 17:1-26. The parting prayer.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE LORD'S PASSOVER.

I. Appointed: The first day of unleavened bread (17).

Thus shall ye eat it;... it is the Lord's passover (Exod. 12:1).

It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover (Exod. 12:27).

The feast of unleavened bread unto the Lord (Lev. 23:6).

Seven days shall unleavened bread be eaten (Num. 28:17).

II. Prepared: They made ready the passover (19).

The children of Israel went and did so (Exod. 12:28).

And they killed the passover (2 Chron. 35:1).

It was the Preparation of the passover (John 13:14).

They made ready the passover (Luke 22:13).

III. Observed: He was sitting at meat with the twelve (20).

They kept the passover in the first month (Num. 9:5).

Surely there was not kept such a passover (2 Kings 23:22).

With desire I have desired to eat this passover (Luke 22:15).

Many went... before the passover, to purify themselves (11:55).

1. "The disciples came to Jesus, saying: (1) The disciples and the Lord; (2) The coming and the question; (3) The questioning disciples; (4) The competent Lord; (5) The wise appeal.

2. "My time is at hand." (1) A crisis in the Lord's life; (2) A crisis in the world's history; (3) A crisis in redemption's work.

3. "The disciples did as Jesus appointed them." (1) The Lord's appointments; (2) The disciples' obedience. (1) The law-giver; (2) The law; (3) The law-keepers.

II. THE LORD'S BETRAYAL.

I. The Lord's Knowledge. One of you shall betray me (21).

The Lord looked on the heart (1 Sam. 16:7).

Jesus knowing their thoughts said (Matt. 9:4).

He himself knew what was in man (John 2:25).

Jesus knew... who it was that should betray him (John 6:64).

II. The Disciples' Self-Distrust: They... began to say unto him every one, Is it I, Lord? (22).

They began... to say unto him one by one, Is it I? (Mark 14:19).

They began to question... which of them... should do this (Luke 22:23).

The disciples looked one on another, doubting (John 13:22).

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed (1 Cor. 10:12).

III. The Traitor's Exposure: Judas... said, Is it I, Rabbi? He saith... Thou hast said (25).

It is... he that dipperth with me in the dish (Mark 14:20).

The hand of him that betrayeth me is with me (Luke 22:21).

He it is, for whom I shall dip the sop (John 13:26).

He then having received the sop went out (John 13:30).

1. "One of you shall betray me." (1) The betrayal; (2) The betrayed; (3) The betrayer. (1) A sad fact; (2) A startling announcement.

2. "Is it I, Lord?" (1) A painful possibility; (2) An unerring judge; (3) A wise appeal.

3. "Is it I, Rabbi?... Thou hast said." (1) The traitor's presumption; (2) The Lord's candor.

III. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I. The Bread: Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake (26).

He took bread... and gave to them, and said... this is my body (Matt. 14:22).

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life (John 6:35).

The bread... is it not a communion of the body of Christ? (1 Cor. 10:16).

Jesus in the night in which he was betrayed took bread (1 Cor. 11:23).

II. The Cup: He took a cup, and gave thanks, and gave to them (27).

They all drank of it (Matt. 14:23).

Take this, and divide it among yourselves (Luke 22:17).

The cup... is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? (1 Cor. 10:16).

This cup is the new covenant in my blood (1 Cor. 11:25).

III. The Remission: My blood... shed for many unto remission of sins (28).

This is my blood, which is shed for many (Mark 14:24).

My blood, even that which is poured out for you (Luke 22:20).

He that... drinketh my blood hath eternal life (John 6:54).

The blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us (John 1:7).

1. "Take, eat; this is my body." (1) The bread; (2) The taking; (3) The eating. (1) The symbolism of the bread; (2) The commandment of the Lord; (3) The obligation of the disciple.

2. "This is my blood of the covenant." (1) The covenant; (2) The blood; (3) The symbol.

3. "Shed for many unto remission of sins." (1) Sins; (2) Remission; (3) Blood-shedding. Blood-shed (1) For what? (2) For whom?

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE LORD'S BETRAYER.

Known as Iscariot (Matt. 10:4; Mark 3:19).

Known as Simon's son (John 6:71; 13:2, 26).

Branded as a thief (John 12:6).

Branded as a devil (John 6:70).

Foreknown as the betrayer (John 6:64; 13:11).

Steward for the twelve (John 12:6; 13:29).

Proposed the betrayal (Matt. 26:14-16; Mark 14:10, 11).

Yielded to Satan (Luke 22:3; John 13:2, 27).

Was exposed at the supper (John 13:25, 26).

Led the band of captors (John 18:1-3).

Kissed Jesus (Matt. 26:48, 49; Luke 22:47, 48).

Was seized with remorse (Matt. 27:3, 4).

Committed suicide (Matt. 27:5; Acts 1:18).

Met his eternal doom (Acts 1:25).

Commemorated at Acedama (Matt. 27:6-8; Acts 1:18, 19).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The events mentioned by Matthew between the last lesson and the present one are: the consultation of the rulers (Matt. 26:1-5), the supper at Bethany (vs. 6-13), and the treacherous agreement of Judas (vs. 14-16). The first of these probably followed the discourse on the mount of Olives; the last may naturally be placed on the same night or the succeeding morning, although verse 16 implies interval of some length.

The position of the supper at Bethany is doubtful. John (John 12:1-12) implies that it took place the day before the triumphal entry to Jerusalem, but Mark places it where Matthew does. If the earlier position be accepted, then the two other evangelists defer mention of it, to connect it with the treachery of Judas, with which John shows it had much to do (12:4-8). So far as marks of sequence are concerned, John is more specific than either Matthew or Mark; but there is as yet no unanimity of opinion among harmonists. The arguments for each view are presented in the revised edition of Robinson's Harmony.

As regards the date, we are confronted with the old and vexed question as to the time when our Lord ate the Passover. Matthew, Mark, and Luke are specific, stating that it was at the regular time. Some statements in John imply that our Lord anticipated the observance by one day. This difficulty was discussed in these columns in connection with the Sunday-school lessons for 1886. The arguments in the case are presented in their fullness on the one side by Andrews, in his Life of our Lord; and, on the other side, by Farrar, in an excursus in the Appendix to his Life of Christ. The interval from Tuesday night to Thursday afternoon was spent in retirement at Bethany, a significant fact in the history.

The place was some upper room in Jerusalem; the time was certainly Thursday evening, most probably the 14th of Nisan (including the beginning of the 15th, according to the Jewish reckoning), April 6, year of Rome 783,—A. D. 30.

Parallel passages: Mark 14:12-26; Luke 22:7-39. John 13:1 to 18:1 gives an independent account of the events of the evening.

An Artificial Larynx.

The greatest doctors in Europe don't seem to know what ails "Unser Fritz." Thus are the Garfield and Grant episodes repeated, and public confidence in "expert" medical knowledge is again shaken.

The effect is a revolution. Since the fatal days of 1883, many of the doctrines of the schoolmen concerning extensive medication have been abandoned, and all schools of practice are more and more relying upon old-fashioned simple root and herb preparations and careful nursing—the only reliance known to our ancestors.

These methods and reliance are illustrated to-day in a series of old-fashioned roots and herbs preparations recently given to the world by the well-known proprietors of Warner's safe cure—preparations made from formulae possessed by many of our oldest families, and rescued for popular use, and issued under the happy designation of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies.

"My son," exclaimed a venerable woman to the writer when he was a boy, "my son, you're yellow and pale and weak like lookin', you're needin' a good shaking up with some sarsaparil."

A jug of spring sarsaparilla was just as necessary in the "winter supplies" of fifty years ago as was a barrel of pork, and a famous medical authority says that the very general prevalence of the use of such a preparation as Log Cabin Sarsaparilla explains the rugged health of our ancestors.

While Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for all seasons of the year, it is particularly valuable in the spring, when the system is full of sluggish blood and requires a natural constitutional tonic and invigorator to resist colds and pneumonia, and the effects of a long winter. Philo M. Parsons, clerk of the City Hotel, of Hartford, Conn., was prostrated with a cold which, he says, "seemed to settle through my body. I neglected it and the result was my blood became impoverished and poisoned, indicated by inflamed eyes. I was obliged to wear a shade over them. I feared that I would be obliged to give up work."

"Under the operation of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Liver Pills," he says, "The sore and inflamed eyes disappeared. My blood, I know, is in a healthier condition than it has been for years. I have a much better appetite. I shall take several more bottles for safety's sake. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is a great blood purifier and I most heartily recommend it."

A few bottles of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla used in the family now will save many a week of sickness and many a dollar of bills. Use no other. This is the oldest, most thoroughly tested, and the best, is put up in the largest sarsaparilla bottle on the market, containing 120 doses. There is no other preparation of similar name that can equal it. The name of its manufacturers is a guarantee of its superior worth.

While the great doctors wrangle over the technicalities of an advanced medical science that can not cure disease, such simple preparations yearly snatch millions from untimely graves.

The moment any kind of manure begins to ferment, no matter where, it gives off some of its substance in the form of gas; but if the fermentation should occur within the soil it would be gradual, and the products of decay could be utilized by the neighboring plants. Besides, fresh manure, in fermenting within the soil, will act upon the soil advantageously in various ways. It will not only play the part of a ferment, and so tend to decompose the inert nitrogen compounds of the humus, but the products of its decomposition will act as disintegrating agents upon the insoluble portions of the soil.

The *Poultry Record* gives this method of lining eggs for long keeping: To one pint of salt and one pint of fresh lime add four gallons of boiling water. When cold put in the stone jars. Then with a dish let down your fresh eggs into it, tipping the dish after it fills with the fluid, so they will roll out without cracking the shell, for it too will be cracked the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh. Keep covered in a coal place and they will keep fresh for a year.

The best remedy for roup is to give the bird a pill of assafetida as large as a bean twice a day, and to inject at the same time two drops (using a sewing machine oil can) of the following mixture, in each nostril, and four drops down the throat: Bromo-chloral hydrate, one dram, water one dram, carbolic acid ten drops. Keep the birds in a dry, warm place. Roup may be known by foul odor, discharge from the nostrils, hoarse breathing, and sometimes swelled head and closed eyes.

BUTTER contains about 11 per cent. of water and 86 per cent. of fat, with a small proportion of cured and salt. If butter is raised above the melting point the product, when separated, yields about 131 ounces of butter fat, the remainder being water, salt and casein. The proportions vary, however, according to the process of manufacture of the butter.

MILK fever is more prevalent with overfed cows than with any other. After the cow is dried off she should be given plenty of hay or allowed on the pasture. She should have no grain except at night, when a limited allowance of ground oats may be provided. If she becomes too fat before calving the chances will be that she will have milk fever.

A CHURN should be scalded with boiling water, made alkaline with washing soda. Every particle of milk or cream should be removed. After being well washed the churn should be rinsed again using boiling water. The work cannot be too carefully done.

HOW TO SELECT GOOD MILKERS—

To properly estimate the quantity of milk which a cow should give is a difficult matter. The only mode of determining it is by measurement. Yet there are signs, indications and characteristics that greatly aid in arriving at a knowledge of the value of a cow, and allow of partially judging of the merits of the animal before she is transferred to the stable of a new owner. Mr. S. Hoxie, a well-known breeder of Holstein cattle, in a recent address, stated that one of the commonly accepted signs is the "milk form," which is a gradual widening of the animal from the front of the shoulders to the hips, and setting on the hind quarters. To be perfect the shoulders should be thin, the forward legs comparatively close together, the quarters without much flesh, and the whole appearance angular. The size of the udder is not a sure indication of the usefulness of the cow, as there is a quality in the milk glands existing variously in different animals that cannot be discovered by outward appearance. Very large and crooked lacteal veins are also considered excellent signs, and though the size and crookedness of the veins may really indicate that the cow is a good milker, yet in some instances these veins become varicose and tortuous from obstructions to free circulation of blood. The orifices in the abdomen and chest are also considered as indicating merit. They are usually two or more in number—one in the right and the other in the left side of the abdomen. These are main orifices, and larger than the others, in some cases so large that the ends of the forefingers may be introduced in them. More reliance should be placed on the sizes of these orifices than on their number. They may be discovered in both sexes, but are small in young animals. Alluding to the orifices Mr. Hoxie makes use of the following significant remark: "The larger their size and the more numerous, other things being equal, the greater I should expect the milking quality of a cow to be, and the more would I expect a cow or bull to transmit their ability to their offspring. It is claimed that the color of the secretions, the color of the fat in the tissues and the color of the milk often correspond. Hence, as a general rule, the animals that have an abundance of yellow secretions on the skin will produce yellow milk, but Professor Alwood calls attention to the fact that in June, when the grass is green, the color of the milk is deeper than in October, yet in the latter month the milk is equally as rich as that produced in June. Richness of milk depends largely on liberal feeding and the quality of the food." Disease, says Mr. Hoxie, indicates richness of milk, as in disease of any kind the proportion of solid constituents increases at the same time that the proportion of water decreases. The strongest indication of vigorous, healthy calves at birth, and where the calves make rapid growth and are healthy the milk is good.

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A CHURN should be scalded with boiling water, made alkaline with washing soda. Every particle of milk or cream should be removed. After being well washed the churn should be rinsed again using boiling water. The work cannot be too carefully done.

NERVES! NERVES!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous. Headache, Neuritis, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles. It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alternative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL. \$1.00 a Bottle. Send for full particulars. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

WELLS' INVISIBLE Velvet Cream.

A Magic Complexion Beautifier for Face, Neck and Arms. Elegance in Dressing and a Delicate Whitening of the Skin. Unexcelled for Theatre, Reception, Balls, Parties, etc. Unparalleled for delicate transparent whiteness, soft youthful effect and fine finish. Harmless, does not roughen, draw, wither, nor in any way injure the most delicate or sensitive skin.

Superior to any Powder, Paste or Liquid for tanning down red or flushed face. Efficacy Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Pimples, Coarseness, Sallow Skin, all blemishes and imperfections. \$1.00 bottles at Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, or by Express, prepaid, on receipt of price. E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J., U.S.A.

"ROUGH ON NEURALGIA," \$1.00. Drug. "ROUGH ON RHEUMATISM," \$1.00. Drug. "ROUGH ON ASTHMA," \$1.50. Druggists. "ROUGH ON MALARIA," \$1.50. Druggists, or prepared by E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.

ROUGH ON CORNS HARD OR SOFT CORNS 15c.

ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE Instant Relief 15c.



W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE. GENTLEMEN.

The only shoe with 35 leather in the world made with rubber soles. As stylish and durable as the best made shoes. As light and comfortable as a feather. As cheap as the most common shoes. W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50 SHOE is unequalled for heavy wear.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$2 SHOE is worn by all boys, and is the best shoe in the world. All the above goods are made in Congress, Boston, Mass., and if not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Hingham, Mass.

GENTS' HAT BAZAAR,

1, 3 & 5 New Church St., cor. Fulton St. NEW YORK CITY.

A SINIS & SON. Largest Hats at Manufacturers' Prices. Latest Styles. STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

AFFLICTED UNFORTUNATE

After all others fail consult

DR. LOBB

329 N. 15th St., below Callowhill, Phila., Pa.

20 years experience in all SPECIAL diseases. Permanently restores those weakened by early indiscretions, &c. Call or write. Advice free and strictly confidential. Hours: 11 a.m. till 8, and 2 to 10 evenings.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Fraser Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

JONES

PAYS THE FREIGHT

For all orders sent to Jones, 100 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

\$60.

Every one knows that for the best results in the treatment of the various diseases of the throat, nose and lungs, it is necessary to use a powerful and reliable remedy.

\$100 to \$300 A MONTH can be made by using Jones' Remedy.

Agents are wanted in all parts of the country. Agents are preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the work. Agents may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in Iowa and cities. W. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1113 Main St., Richmond, Va.

RUPTURE

Operated by J. H. Mayer, M.D., 100 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.

GOLD is worth \$5. per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth \$1.00, but is sold at 25c. a box by dealers.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

A Great Remedy for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the diseases of the throat, nose and lungs.

Coffee cake should be wrapped, while warm, in a napkin, and there remain till cold.

OMAHA BOY.—Pa, was Sampson killed by his wife?

Pa.—It amounted to that. She betrayed him to those who wanted to kill him.

"What did she do that for?"

"I don't know. Maybe she gave him a letter and he forgot to mail it."

BAD NEWS.—Brown (to Robinson, who is reading a telegram with a look of anguish on his face)—What's the matter old fellow? Somebody dead?

Robinson (crushing telegram with both hands)—No; somebody alive by thunder. Twins!

WIFE—I see that a museum has on exhibition a woman with two mouths. She is a curiosity.

Husband—Two mouths. I wouldn't mind paying 10 cents to see a woman with no mouth, but two, never!

THE RULING PASSION.—His life was fast ebbing away, and his mind was wandering.

"Bill," he muttered, "hold her up high an' let her drop hard; she's checked for Saratoga."

"John," whispered his wife, "do you hear me?"

But the old baggage master lay dead.

A YOUNG German officer, rather new to his work, was drilling a squad of raw recruits, and gave the word of command: "Lift the right leg!" One of the soldiers by mistake lifted his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor. "Donnerwetter?" exclaimed the officer. "What jackanape has lifted both his legs?"

FATHER—Ain't you going to work? Lazy Son—Guess not.

"I don't understand how anybody can loaf such weather as this. Why, it is a real pleasure to work now."

"I know it, but I don't want to give myself up to much to mere enjoyment."

A CONTEMPORARY speaks of those who "love their fellow w-men." A good deal depends on how they love them. Cannibals prefer them roasted.

AN embarrassed young man who had just been married by a clergyman, not knowing how to express his gratitude, in handing over a small fee, said: "I hope to give you more next time."

"I MET Squibbs, the tailor, at the labor meeting last night, and he sat at the same table with the reporters."

"Taking notes, eh?"

"No, confound him, he wasn't. He wanted cash."

"HELLO, Brown, have you any new factories going up at Hellebore this fall?"

"Yes, our powder factory went up last week."

SOMETHING WORTH READING.

Extract from the New York World—A Most Wonderful Remedy.

"New York, March 22, 1888. 'I have been a sufferer from nervousness and nervous prostration for years and have tried many things but without the least good. Hearing so much about Dr. Green's Nervine, I bought a bottle and tried it. Its effects are really almost magical. It has immediately taken away that nervous, restless and weak feeling, and has given me a new lease of life. It is a great tonic and a wonderful remedy for nervous people. LUCIE WERNER.'

This wonderful remedy, whose praise is upon everybody's lips, must be the most powerful in its curative powers of any remedy ever discovered. We hear every day of remarkable cures of nervousness, nervous weakness, exhaustion, paralysis or other nervous diseases effected by this great nerve tonic and restorative. Here a person rescued from the grave, as was Mrs. Annie Donovan, of Attawapung, Conn.; there a case saved from that terrible disease, insanity, as was Mr. W. G. Miles, of 40 Blue Hill avenue, Boston, Mass.; again, cures of paralysis of years' standing like that of Mr. Alexander Horn, of the Marine Asylum, Philadelphia, Pa., who had not been able to walk before for years; or rheumatism, like the case of Mr. James Brown, of 27 Market street, New York City. Cures of sleeplessness, with nervous and physical exhaustion, are very frequent, the wonderful cure of Mrs. W. F. Abbe, of 19 Allen street, Hartford, Conn., being only one among thousands. Altogether, the remarkable powers of Dr. Green's Nervine Nerve Tonic in curing all forms of nervous diseases like the above, and restoring health to sufferers from nervousness, nervous weakness, nervous debility, despondency, depression of mind, headache, trembling, numbness, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, the optimum or chloral habit, &c., have demonstrated it to be a remedy of wonderful powers, and at times of almost miraculous effects in curing disease. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that drug stores everywhere are overwhelmed with orders for this remarkable remedy, and it is almost impossible to supply the demands from the hundreds of thousands of sufferers from nervous diseases. All druggists keep the remedy, at \$1 per bottle, and its low price places it within the reach of all. If your druggist does not have it, he will get it for you.

It is the advice of a prominent dairyman to farmers not to keep cows that give less than 600 gallons of milk a year.

One drop of oil per hour will lubricate a very heavy bearing.

In every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons, and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

A successful radish grower recommends making the beds with nearly one half soft coal ashes and soot as a preventive of worms.

A good appetite is essential to good health and loss of appetite indicates something wrong. Hood's Sarsaparilla creates and sharpens the appetite, assists the digestive organs and regulates the kidneys and liver. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla this season. Sold by druggists.

Sulphur sprinkled in the dust furnished hens for bathing will help prevent lice.

Nothing Cures Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Diabetes, Urinary, Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c., like Canby's Kidney Cure. Office, 331 Arch St., Phila. \$1 a bottle, 2 for \$1. At Druggists. Cures the worst cases. Cure guaranteed. Try it.

Canada now furnishes more sheep for the Boston market than any State in the Union.

Why We Win

Because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine and blood purifier. Because it is a concentrated extract of the best alternative and blood purifying remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Because, by a peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, it possesses curative power peculiar to itself.

Because it is unequalled for the cure of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, humors, etc.

Because it is the only medicine of which can truly be said "100 doses one dollar," an unanswerable argument as to

Strength and Economy

Because it effects remarkable cures where other preparations totally fail. Because there is nothing equal to it for curing dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion.

Because every article entering into it is carefully scanned, none but the best is used and all the roots and herbs are ground in our own drug mill—which makes impossible the use of anything impure or deleterious.

Good Name at Home

There being more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers combined.

Because it is clean, clear and beautiful in appearance, compared with the muddy, gritty mass of other preparations.

Because when given a faithful trial according to directions it is reasonably certain to effect the desired result.

100 Doses One Dollar

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

CENTRE HALL, PA. THURS, MAY 10, 1888.

TERMS:—One year, \$1.50, when paid in ad-
vance. Those in arrears subject to previous
terms.
Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 inser-
tions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The editor is at Pittsburg serving
as a U. S. grand juror.
—Rev. Sarvis, a former M. E. pastor,
at this place was in town on Monday.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Conley of
Belleville, spent Sunday at Centre Hall.
—Walter Bayard, of Belleville, made
another trip to this side on Sunday last.
—Ice cream and soda water signs are
sure reminders that warm weather is
coming.
—John Spangler has improved the
appearance of his home by putting up a
new fence.
—Thirteen new names were added to
our list last week, an ordinary occur-
rence.
—Engineer Cherry and son Theo-
dore, of Belleville made a trip to this
place Sunday last.
—An affection of the throat seems to
be an epidemic in this locality—nearly
everybody has it.
—A new organ has been placed in the
Zion Evangelical church at Tussey-
ville the last week.
—The new street lamp in front of
the Lutheran church is what has been
needed at that point long ago.
—Alf Wieland, clerk in Wolf & Son's
store was laid up several days of last
week from a severe attack of quinsy.
—The Lewisburg Saturday News has
added a Bascom folder to its office;
prosperity must be smiling upon that en-
terprising journal.
—Mr. Wm. Rishel, one of Tussey-
ville's respected citizens paid us a short
visit on Wednesday in order to have his
name placed on our subscription list.
—We are under obligations to our
friend Frank Bradford, station agent at
Paddy mountain for a large lot of fine
suckers taken from Penns creek at that
place.
—Jas. H. Lohr expects to leave for
Allentown, Pa. Monday next to attend
the meeting of the grand lodge of the or-
der of Odd Fellows which assembles at
that place next week.
—E. M. Huyette moved his engine
and saw mill on Wednesday from the
Gregg tract to near Pennkill, where he
will commence sawing on the Burrell
tract along Brush mountain.
—Col. Baine, the great temperance
lecturer will be in Belleville on Thurs-
day evening. We would advise all to go
and hear him as we consider him the
best we ever heard on the temperance
question.
—We would call the attention of our
readers to the advertisement of H. A.
McKee & Bro. in another column. This
firm is a new one in Belleville, suc-
cessors to H. K. Hicks & Bro. in the hard-
ware trade.
—Will Runkle, who has been attend-
ing Pierce's Business College at Philadel-
phia, for several months past came home
for a visit of a week. Will is looking
well and says the city of brotherly love
agrees with him.
—The first game of base ball for the
season was played on Monday evening
between teams selected from young men
and boys of the town. The boys played
a fine game but were unable to down the
other side which was composed of old
ball players.
—Jas. N. Leitzell, of Spring Mills
dropped into our sanctum on Monday
afternoon. He informed us that he will
start on Wednesday of this week for a
short trip to visit his brother in Stepe-
son county Illinois, and if he likes the
country may locate there.
—Centre Hall was lively and full of
business all day Saturday. Our mer-
chants say it was the best day of the
season. It is a noticeable fact that our
merchants are beginning to keep a larger
and better assortment and thereby at-
tract trade from neighboring towns.
—A gang of fanning-mill agents with
four teams and a car load of machines
have their headquarters at Meyers hotel
this place. We don't see why they are
trying to put in so many machines in
this section as our farmers have had
nothing to clean for several years.
—On Tuesday evening Major Huss,
of Linden Hall, received a tank contain-
ing five thousand young trout about an
inch in length, from the State Fish com-
missioners. He will place them in the
stream at Linden Hall and in a few
years they will have lots of trout up
there.
—The brickwork on the new Pres-
byterian church was finished a week ago
and the carpenters have the building al-
most under roof. The outlines of the
structure are plain enough to indicate
what its appearance and architectural
design will be. The edifice we predict,
when finished, will be a very handsome
one and an ornament to the town.
—Governor Beaver, General Hart-
ruff and a number of prominent offi-
cers in the National Guard will go to Mt.
Gretna within the next few weeks to
look over the ground and note whatever
improvements can be made for the com-
fort and convenience of the troops. The
encampment this year will without a
doubt, excel in interest and point of at-
tendance that of any preceding year.
—Little John Hosterman was quite
unfortunate on Monday afternoon. He
was at Harper's blacksmith shop watch-
ing the men shrink heavy tire, and
through curiosity stepped up to examine
one that had just come from the anvil.
He carelessly took hold of the iron, and
gave out a shriek like an Indian; the iron
was scorching hot and burnt the inside of
his hand terribly.
—There was an unusual large attend-
ance at the G. A. R. post rooms, this
place on Saturday evening, from Spring
Mills, Potters Mills and this vicinity.
The meeting was called for the purpose
of arranging a program for the proper
observance of memorial day in this part
of the valley. The program, which was
furnished us by the kindness of Dr. W.
A. Jacobs, will be found in another col-
umn. The order of exercises has been
changed somewhat from former years.
The exercises at this place will be at 10
a. m.; D. S. Keller of Belleville will be
the principal orator.

TURNPIKE QUESTION.

For several years the question of hav-
ing the pike, leading from Belleville to
Millville county, condemned and made a
township road has been agitated and re-
sulted in having the court recognize the
claim and appoint a jury to investi-
gate the matter.

The jury appointed by the court is
composed of the following gentlemen:
Isaac Beck, Halfmoon twp; Henry
Campbell, Ferguson; Samuel Decker,
Walker; Miles Zimmerman, Marion; Sam-
uel Granley, Miles. On Tuesday morn-
ing the above jury started at Belleville,
to view the road to the Millville county
line. Accompanying the jury were the
following attorneys; D. S. Keller, master
of the jury; C. M. Bower, for the peti-
tioners; J. Wes Gephart, for the company,
and Chas. P. Hewes, for the county. W.
F. Reber, stenographer and commis-
sioner Decker completed the party.

On Thursday evidence will be taken
before the jury as to whether the road
should be condemned and estimate its
value. The verdict of the jury in case
the valuation be considered too high or
too low, will result in an appeal to court.

We hear various opinions expressed
in the matter. In case the road be con-
demned the value fixed will be paid by
the county and the townships through
which it passes will have to keep it in
repair hereafter. In this way the bur-
den of keeping in repair the main high-
way, will be thrown upon a few town-
ships, Potter and Spring, and will benefit
adjacent townships, who are urging the
matter, by saving of toll. The road from
Pleasant Gap to the Millville county
line is simply in a terrible condition and
everybody will welcome a more for its
improvement. We believe that the toll
raised from Potter township annually
would keep the pike in much better con-
dition than it has been for years, and to
render justice to all we would favor the
disappearance of every toll house in
Centre county.

PLEASANT HOMES.

Quite a number of our citizens are fix-
ing up about their homes. This is com-
mendable, and all should have pride
enough to make every thing about home
look tidy, neat and clean. Beautify
your homes and make them attractive
and inviting—there are many ways to do
this, and it can be done with little ex-
pense. A few hours of labor devoted in
this way, now and then, will do the great-
er part. Get rid of rubbish; fill up the
uneven places; pick the stones; plant
flowers, trees and shrubs; straighten the
fences, which with fences and outbuild-
ings, which will preserve the material
of conduct to the health of the premi-
ses for men and animals; give the house
a fresh coat of paint—what a change all
this will produce and how much happier
as you approach your home. Make things
inside look cozy, and comfortable, and
you will feel at home whenever you en-
ter. There are many other ways that
may be used to make houses look clean
and add to their comforts. Centre Hall
has many houses which fill the bill for
neatness and beauty—and people from a
distance admire our village for it.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

Last fall a horse died for some parties
in this place, and instead of taking it to
the "bone-yard" as should have been
done, they dug a pit, a few feet in depth,
in the field back of the foundry and cov-
ered the carcass with about a foot of
ground. The result of this job is being
felt by property owners near by. When
the wind draws from the south and west
a deadly stench from the rotten carcass is
wafted over the town which is dangerous
in the extreme, as it is liable to breed
the most fatal disease. In some places
the people at times are compelled to close
their doors and windows on account of
the filthy odor that arises from this nu-
isance, pollutes the atmosphere and
carries the very germs of disease over
the town. This nuisance we believe is
within the borough limits and is a violation
of its ordinances. We hope for the health
of the community that the borough officials
will take the matter in consideration at
once, and have it removed.

DECORATION DAY PROGRAM.

The following was decided by the
comrades of Post 282, to be the program
on Memorial Day:

Decorate at 9 a. m.; at
Centre Hall 10 a. m.; at Sprucetown 2 p.
m.; at Georges Valley at 3:30, and at
Spring Mills at 6 p. m.

Speakers for the different places are
Revs. Piper and D. M. Wolf, Spring Mills;
Prof. W. A. Krise, at the Union; Rev. D.
M. Wolf, Georges Valley; Jas. Hammill
and John Dale, Esqs., at Sprucetown, and
Col. D. S. Keller at Centre Hall.

Music has been secured for the day.
All ministers, sundry schools, organiza-
tions, and everybody are invited to at-
tend and participate in the ceremonies.
The memorial sermon will be preached
on May 20, at 10:30 o'clock, at Spruce-
town by Rev. Piper.

The citizens of Centre Hall and vicini-
ty are kindly asked to meet at Post
Room on evening of 18th, for the pur-
pose of arranging for Memorial Day.

TALLOW-BUTTER.

In one of the Belleville papers we no-
ticed an item to the effect that a woman
from Tusseyville, sold a fine large roll of
butter at one of the grocery stores at that
place. The dealer thinking he purchased
a fine article laid it aside for one of his
special customers. Later in the day the
large roll was cut and to his surprise
found an immense roll of tallow very
carefully encased in a thin covering of
butter. The roll as stated was made
and sold by a woman living in Tussey-
ville. Upon inquiry we learn that the
same trick has been played upon a half
dozen of our merchants in this vicinity
and by the same party, who hail from
near the Stone Mill instead of Tussey-
ville. That kind of business is of a crim-
inal nature and for their own safety and
welfare we would advise the "Tallow
Factory" to bring its operations to a
close.

MILLHEIM'S CENTENNIAL.

The Millheim people are going to hold
their centennial anniversary in 1888 after
all. From last week's Journal we clip
the following:
The first meeting of the committee of
arrangements for the Millheim Centen-
nial took place at E. J. Brumgard's resi-
dence on Main street last Saturday eve-
ning. It was concluded to hold the cen-
tennial in the latter part of July or be-
ginning of August. The financial part of
the undertaking is of course the first and
all important point to be disposed of by
the committee, and we are glad to see
that our business men, who will be most
benefitted by the celebration, do re-
spond liberally to the demands made
upon them for their share of necessary
funds.

WEATHER SIGNALS.

The Pennsylvania State College Agri-
cultural Experiment Station has made
arrangements with the State Weather
Service to receive by telegraph the daily
weather predictions of the U. S. Signal
Service, and to display the correspond-
ing signal flags from the tower of the
College building.

These signals are as follows: No. 1,
white flag, six feet square, always indi-
cates clear or fair weather, no rain. No.
2, blue flag, six feet square, indicates rain
or snow. No. 3, black triangular flag,
six feet at the base, and six feet in length,
always refers to the temperature. When
placed above Nos. 1 or 2, it indicates
warmer weather; when placed below
Nos. 1 or 2, it indicates colder weather;
when not displayed the indications are
that the temperature will remain station-
ary, or that the change in the tempera-
ture will not vary five degrees from the
temperature of the same hour of the
preceding day. No. 4, cold wave flag,
six feet square, indicates the approach
of a sudden and decided fall in tempera-
ture. This signal is usually ordered at
least 24 hours in advance of the cold wave.
It is not displayed unless a temperature
of 45 degrees or less is expected, nor is
flag No. 3 displayed with it. The signals
are arranged to read downward.
The predictions will be received every
morning at about 9 A. M., and special
predictions at other times, and the flags
displayed promptly upon receipt of the
predictions. This arrangement went
into effect May 3.

SERIES OF ACCIDENTS.

A strange series of accidents happened
to the family of Samuel Mowry residing
about a mile east of New Berlin on Mon-
day evening. Mr. Mowry was ascend-
ing a hill near his farm in a two horse
wagon accompanied by his son's wife.
His son Amos was coming down the
same hill in a two horse wagon and just
before they met the young man's horses
started down the hill on a runaway,
throwing him under the wagon and drag-
ging him along. The racket started the
old gentleman's team and they ran off
up the hill. The young woman leaped
off and scaled the fence unhurt, and be-
fore the team reached the summit the
coupling pin gave way—leaving the box
and hind part of the wagon in the road
and the old man on top unhurt. The
now thoroughly frightened horses dashed
down the road at a furious rate, and Mrs.
Samuel Mowry, seeing them came out to
stop them and reached the road just in
time to be knocked down and run over.
She had a number of teeth knocked out
and was otherwise badly hurt. Amos
was frightfully cut and bruised, but it is
thought will recover.—Middleburg Post.

A GIRL'S SUICIDE.

Osceola Mills, Pa., May 1.—Last even-
ing about 7 o'clock Carrie, the 14-year-
old daughter of A. L. Kephart, commit-
ted suicide at her home at Coal Run,
about two miles from here. She went
to her room after supper and had been
there but a short time when the report
of the revolver, with which she had tak-
en her life was heard by the family. On
reaching the room where she lay they
found her on the floor with a bullet hole
through her head, which caused death
almost instantly. The girl left a note on
the stand to her parents, bidding them
farewell, telling them therein that she
was going to die soon. It is supposed
that she was temporarily insane, as no
other cause can be assigned for the
death.

SPRING GOODS.

We would respectfully announce to
our many patrons in Centre co. that we
have received an immense line of spring
and summer goods. We were in the
market in time to select a fine stock and
have opened up the same for your inspec-
tion. We have an unusually large and
complete line of suitings for our merchant
tailoring department. Altogether new
styles in cloth will be worn for spring
and summer and can be seen at our store.
Remember that if you want a fine spring
suit. You can get it much cheaper now
than when there is a rush. Our line of
ready made clothing complete and low-
er in price than ever. Come and see the
new styles just received at
PHILAD. BRANCH.

MONUMENT TO MAJOR DILL.

Sellingrove, May 5.—The unveiling
of the monument to Major W. H. Dill
took place in the little village of Free-
burg last Tuesday. The shaft erected
over the deceased superintendent of pub-
lic schools of Snyder county is of white
bronze, twenty feet in height, on which
is a likeness of Major Dill. Major Hancock
deputy state superintendent of public
schools, and Adjutant General Hastings,
of Harrisburg, Frank Glaser, of New York
city, N. H. Nipple and others spoke in
memory of the honored soldier, citizen
and instructor. Over 4,000 people were
in attendance.

MIXTURES—20 CTS. PER LB.

The trees have leaved but not left.
Lots have big prices set on them at Le-
mont.
Simon Harper threatens to play a trick
on trout; he'll do it on the fly.
Our farmers are gladdened with the
prospect of a wheat crop again.
Young chickens are getting ripe.
J. B. Solt put up a neat woven slat
fence, on south side Will Kurtz's lot, at
the station.
Uncle Sam is now 112 years old and
getting bigger all the time.

The members of Dreisbach church,
(Union) composed of the Lutheran con-
gregations, will celebrate their centennial,
(said church having been established one
hundred years ago,) on Thursday, June
14, by holding appropriate services, con-
ducted by Rev. J. A. Earnest and Rev.
Mr. DeLong, pastors of the Lutheran
and Reformed Churches respectively.—
Middleburg Telegraph.

\$25 REWARD.

The above reward will be paid for in-
formation that will lead to the conviction
of any one maliciously interfering with
the Centre Hall water works, causing ob-
structions to the flow or interfering in
any manner with springs, reservoir or
pipes.

SPRING & SUMMER SEASON 1888

Full line of Cassimere—Scotch and
Worsted Suitings—CHEAPER THAN READY
MADE.
MONTGOMERY & CO, TAILORS,
BELLEVILLE, PA.

"Dr. Sells' Cough Syrup." Without exception
has given satisfaction. Our readers give it a trial.
Druggists keep it. Price 25c a bottle. ap.

LOCAL SQUIBS.

—Fauble's Belleville for cheap cloth-
ing.
—Ice cream at Murray's every Sat-
urday evening.
—I. J. Breon, of Gregg, favored our
sanctum with a call.
—Spring suits at the Rochester Cloth-
ing House Belleville.
—Don't fail to visit Pearlstone's new
store when in Belleville.
—In Lebanon county a camp of gyp-
sies is down with the small pox.
—Attorney Chas. P. Hewes of Belle-
fonte, spent Saturday and Sunday on this
side.

—George Tibbens, of Logansville,
had a leg amputated four inches above
the knee.
—Rochester Clothing house in Rey-
nolds new building Belleville, M. Faub-
le proprietor.

—Building lots for sale, 1 mile east
of the station, at Mikescondville, \$45 to
\$75 per lot. Apply to F. Kurtz.

—Quinsy seems to be going the
rounds just now, and quite a number of
persons have had an attack of this throat
disease.

—Stop in at Flemings, fashionable
tailoring establishment, Belleville, and
see the new styles in gents clothing for
spring and summer.

—Williams' paper hangers of Belle-
fonte did some work in town on Monday;
they are artistic workmen and under-
stand the business.

—The Reformed people of this place
expect to begin operations on their new
church on North street in about a
month.—Middleburg Journal.

—The blossoms are out and fields
are green—nature is donning her beau-
tiful spring garb which never gets out of
style or fashion, like bonnets, hats and
dresses.

—Fleming the tailor, Belleville, has
opened up his new stock for suitings, for
spring and summer wear. New styles
will be worn this year and he has them
in stock.

—Lieutenant Colonel Bruns, of the
United States army, of Philadelphia, has
given \$15,000 to Pennsylvania college for
the erection of a chapel as a memorial of
his parents.

—Potters Mills centennial anniver-
sary is going to be a success as their en-
terprising citizens are making prelimina-
ry arrangements for a big day sometime
this summer.

—William Scott Allison, who was a
son of Archibald Allison, and who departed
some many years ago, died at his
home near Salona Sunday morning, 29
ult. aged 78 years.

—The aggregate population of Centre
Hall and the city of London is greater
than that of any six cities in the United
States. Yet some folks would turn up
their noses at Centre Hall.

—A visit to Bushman & Kreamer's
jewelry store, Centre Hall, will convince
you that they keep as complete a line of
goods as can be found in the county.
Special attention given to repair work;
terms reasonable.

—Persons whose hydrants are out of
repair, causing a waste of water, should
have them put in order as soon as pos-
sible and thus prevent a waste when
water gets low, and avoid the necessity
of turning water off. This is important,
and should not be neglected.

—Jacob Snively, one of Penn town-
ship's oldest citizens died April 26,
of heart disease. He never in his life had
been confined to his bed with sickness
until a week before his death. He was
the father of nine children, three sons
and six daughters, all married.

—According to current reports the
wheat crop in Union county may fall
short 15 to 25 per cent. of a full crop. The
special feature of it has been pretty badly
winter killed. Favorable weather be-
tween this and heading time may cause
it to pick up a good deal, which may
make the loss less.

—If you want a good article in the
way of fine dress boots and shoes at the
lowest prices, call at Graham's shoe store
Belleville. They have an elegant line
of all kinds, prices to suit every body.
The best gents \$3.00 fine shoe in Belle-
fonte, you will find at Graham's shoe store.
A better and finer quality if desired.
Remember the place, corner store Brock-
erhoff Row.

—The centennial anniversary of
Methodism in Huntingdon and region of
the Juniata valley will occur in Septem-
ber of this year, and a committee has
been appointed by the quarterly confer-
ence of the First and Second churches in
Huntingdon to take preliminary steps
toward arranging for a fitting celebration
of the event during the approaching Sep-
tember, commencing on Friday the 5th
and continuing till Monday, the 11th.

—The Middleburg Post, 3 inst., says:
The barn on Daniel Mowery's farm, in
Middlecreek township, near Erdley's
church, was struck by lightning during
the thunder storm on Monday evening
and burned to the ground with all its
contents—including four head of horses,
11 head of cattle and all the farming im-
plements. The barn and stock were in-
sured for \$1,600—eight hundred dollars
on each—which hardly covers half the
loss.

—The Weekly Times is the name of a
new weekly paper established at Kart-
house, Clearfield co. Pa. It is a small
four column, four page paper, sprightly
and interesting and from its appearance
promises to grow as it has the location.
In speaking of Karthaus it says:

Karthaus is thirty miles from Remova,
twenty-eight from Clearfield, thirty-five
from Belleville, twenty-six from Phillips-
burg, making an average of about thirty
miles from any printing office, and in
the heart of a young and lumbering
district, making it a central location for a
weekly paper. Clearfield county, among
the other western counties, is noted for
its prosperous farmers. We belong in their
midst, anything new will almost be a
certainty to the parties interested.

—"When you hear a man speak of a
"fine old cigar," said a dealer in the weed,
Saturday, "you may make up your mind
at once that he don't know what a good
cigar is. Cigars are not like wine. They
do not improve with age, and the best
cigars are those that are slightly moist,
and for my own smoking I always use
those that are very fresh, say about fif-
teen minutes after they are rolled. Go to
any importer and if he has any old stock
of even the finest imported brands you
can always get them at a discount, for
good judges will not buy them if they
have been long on the shelves. Import-
ed cigars do not deteriorate in their value
on their way here, because the sea air
keeps them fresh and moist, but the mo-
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COBURN.

G. J. Meyer has the carpenters at work
on his house, and when finished and
painted, will make a good appearance
and will be a big improvement to the
property and place.

Landlord Shaffer and wife took a trip
to Millinburg on Tuesday; expects to
return with another new buggy. On Sat-
urday he bought a horse and buggy to
add to his livery. By all appearances he
has a good trade.

I noticed Judge Furst and a party
from Belleville on Monday morning's
train; they went to Millheim where they
spent Monday and Tuesday trout fishing.
Returned home on Tuesday evening,
and as usual, not very heavy laden with
trout. I have a notion that it was a dry
fishing party.

Bob Whitmer and his party returned
last Friday evening with about 400 trout.
Henry Fryer was along with the party
and reports that a big bear and two cubs
got after him and made things lively for
a while.

Andy Stover was on the sick list a few
days last week, but is able to be about
again.

Mrs. Andy Campbell has gone to
Shamokin to visit friends for a few
weeks.

Judge Whitmer is spending a few days
here looking up his lumber business.

A new corn breaker was put in the
Centre Hall roller mill this week and
they are now prepared to make all kinds
of chop.

Harness oil at Boozer's harness
rooms.

Nothing is more pleasing to the eye
of a passer-by or more comfortable look-
ing than a neatly painted house. Paint
also preserves the wood work of a house
and no one can afford to let the home go
to decay or look shabby for want of a
coat of paint. Go to McFarlane's, Belle-
fonte and buy the only pure Linseed oil,
ready mixed paint made.

The Calliopean literary society at
this place has changed its time of meet-
ing from Tuesday to Monday evening of
each week. The last meeting on Mon-
day evening was well attended and a
good program was carried out. A spirited
debate on the merits of labor organiza-
tions was indulged in by members of the
society and some of the visitors. Sub-
ject for debate next Monday evening:
Resolved, That woman suffrage should
be adopted in this country. The special
feature of this debate will be that young
ladies of the society have been appointed
to uphold the affirmative side, which they
can with ability.

George Krumbine, of this place,
distinguished himself last week. For
several months past he has been work-
ing at his trade in Belleville, and it
seems that of late a young maiden of the
town played her winning card, also; and
Geo. concluded to put an end to single
bachelors. Early one morning last
week the happy couple drove to this
place and took the morning train for
New Jersey we suppose; at least they re-
turned the next day as Mr. and Mrs.
Krumbine. The better half, we are told
was Miss Maggie Dooley, one of Belle-
fonte's handsome and accomplished
young ladies; George knows it and is the
happiest man in seven counties. Con-
gratulations are in order.

Robert G. Ingersoll, the great orator,
delivered an oration on Roscoe Conkling,
at Albany on Wednesday evening. His
audience was large and over a thousand
people were unable to hear him.

—The deceased was one of the earliest
settlers, and will be remembered as